

1346. b. 46



THE
PASSIONS,
AN
ODE.

Written by Mr. *COLLINS*.

Set to MUSIC by

Doctor *HARE* S.



THE
PASSIONS

AN
EXPOSITION



WILLIAM HENRY MANN, Secretary of the
British Museum, has the honor to
announce that the following
Exposition of the
British Museum
will be held at the
British Museum
on the 1st of
January 1881.
The British Museum
is a place of
great interest
and of great
importance.
It is a place
where the
past is
preserved
and the
future is
revealed.
It is a place
where the
British Museum
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THE
PASSIONS,
AN
ODE.

OVERTURE.

Accompaniment.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid! was
young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft to hear her shell,
Throng'd round her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind,
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd,
'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd!
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard a-part
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

Each, for *Madness* rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

A I R.

*First Fear, his hand its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.*

A I R.

*Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clasp he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hand, the strings.*

A I R.

*With woful measures, wan Despair!
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.*

R E C I T.

But thou, O *Hope!* with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure?

A I R.

*Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bad the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, thro' all the song;*

And

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*And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry close;
And Hope enchanted, smil'd and wav'd her
golden hair,*

R E C I T,

*And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,*

A I R.

*He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder
down,*

And with a with'ring look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast, so loud and dread

Were ne'er prophetick sounds so full of woe,

And ever and anon he beat

The doubling drum with furious heat;

And tho' sometimes each dreary pause between,

Dejected Pity at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice apply'd,

Yet still he kept his wild, unalter'd mien,

*While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from his head.*

Da Capo.

C H O R U S,

Revenge impatient rose,

*He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder
down, &c, &c,*

End of the First Part,

PART II. Symphony.

R E C I T.

THY numbers *Jealousy*, to nought were
fix'd,
Sad Proof of thy distressful state.

A I R.

*Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd
on Hate.*

A I R.

*With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sate retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubblings, runnels, join'd the sound ;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs dy'd away.*

R E C I T.

But, O how alter'd was it's sprightlier tone !

A I R.

*When Chearfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow a-cross her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gem'd with morning-dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eye'd
 Queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their Alleys green.*

R E C I T.

*Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen
 spear.*
Da Capo.
Verse and Chorus.

R E C I T.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,

A I R.

*He with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lik'd the best.
 They would have thought who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay, fantastic round;
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And*

And HE amidst his frolic play,
As if he would——

RECIT.

" * ——— But, ah!—Madness away!
" Some goddesses sure—Hark! hark! 'tis Reason sings.

AIR.

" In vain each seeks the foremost place,
" In tortur'd numbers, void of grace,
" Of elegance and ease;
" Let Music's softly soothing art,
" To each assign a temper'd part,
" And all may jointly please.

" Hence wretched mortals when oppress'd,
" By these rude tyrants of the breast;
" To Music's shrine repair:
" She can reduce each gust to peace,
" She can command the storm to cease,
" And smooth the swell of care.

CHORUS of PASSIONS.

" Thy wide extended power, harmonious maid!
" By ev'ry jarring passion is obey'd.
" Thy magic art on ev'ry breast must gain,
" The frantic humble, the depress'd sustain;
" Can check, incite, can animate, restrain.
" By nature's law unbounded is thy sway:
" Thee we all follow, thee we all obey."

* The words from hence by another hand.



The END.